

# Treasure Chest

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TRAN MATERA

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# TREASURE CHEST'S **FUN PAGE**

ALL BIRDS MAKE DISTINCTIVE SOUNDS. UNSCRAMBLE THE BIRDS IN THE BOXES BELOW TO MATCH THEIR SOUNDS...

ACCEPT

APEIMGS

## I SCREAM

2 CHATTER

OCCEELRK

NIPEOG

### 3. CROW

4600

IAUQL

VNAER

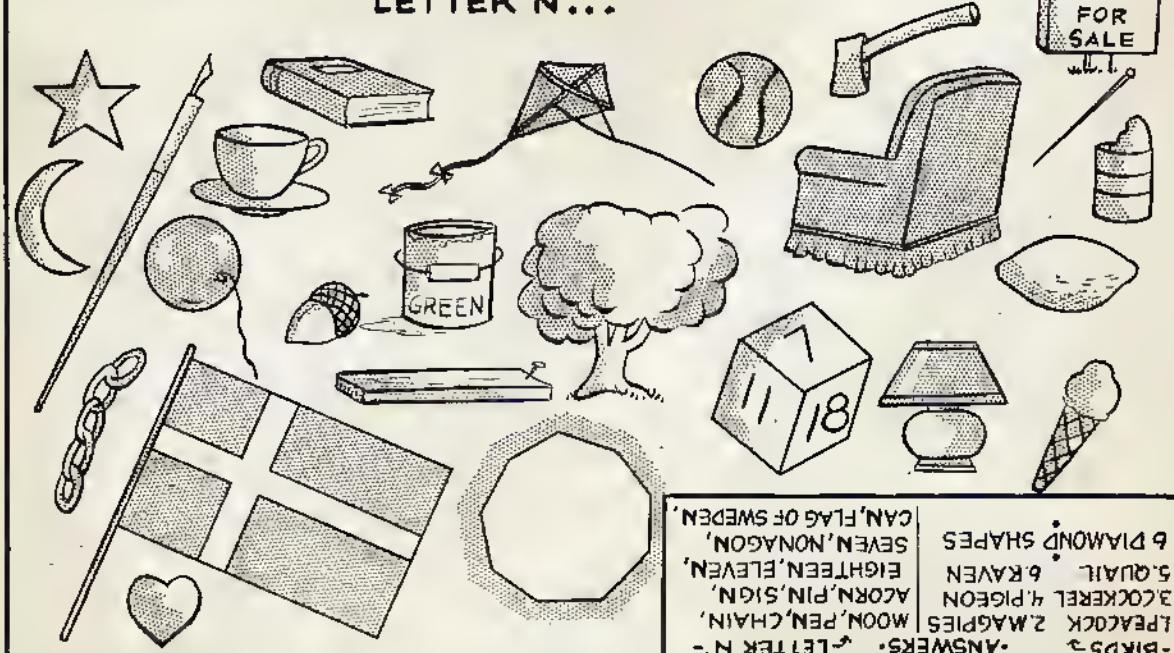
## 5. BOB-WHITE

6 CROAK

At the same time

DO YOU SEE 4, 6, 8, OR  
10 DIAMOND SHAPES IN  
THE ABOVE DESIGN?

UNCOVER AT LEAST 12 THINGS HERE THAT END WITH THE LETTER N...



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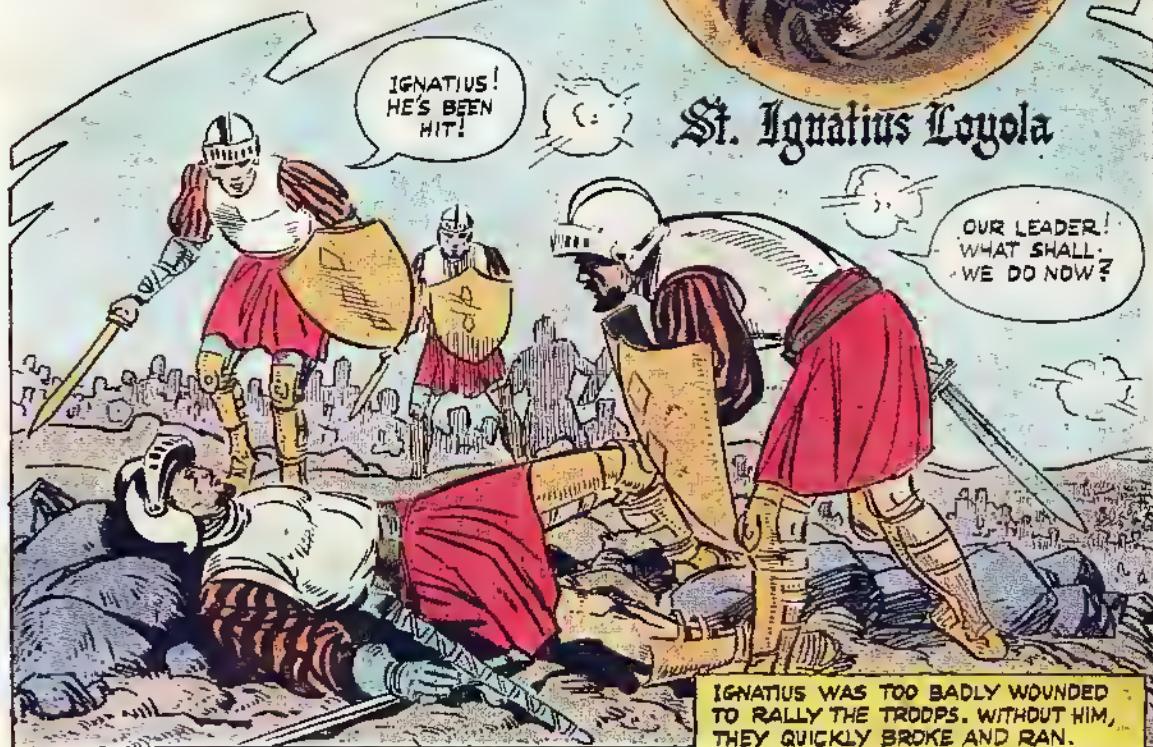
# With Christ On Earth

Illustrated by **FRAN MATERA**

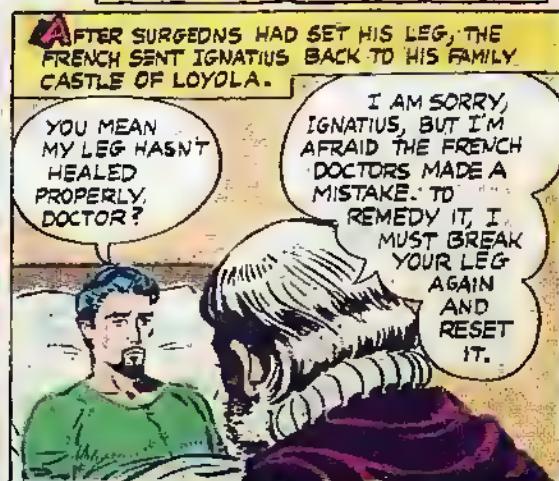
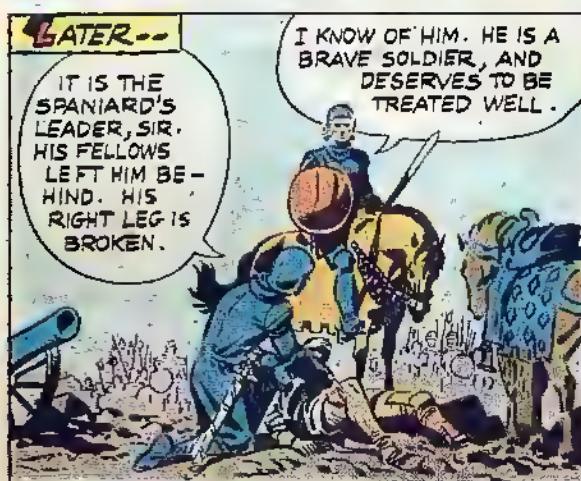
ON MAY 20, 1521, A GROUP OF SPANISH SOLDIERS WAS FIGHTING VALIANTLY IN DEFENSE OF THE CITY OF PAMPLONA. SUDDENLY, FROM THE MOUTH OF A FRENCH CANNON CAME A SHOT THAT WAS TRULY TO BE HEARD AROUND THE WORLD, FOR IT WAS TO RESULT IN THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE WORLD THROUGH THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY, COMMONLY CALLED "JESUITS", NOW COMPRIZE ONE OF THE STRONGEST FORCES OF EDUCATORS IN THE CATHOLIC WORLD.



**St. Ignatius Loyola**



IGNATIUS WAS TOO BADLY WOUNDED TO RALLY THE TROOPS. WITHOUT HIM, THEY QUICKLY BROKE AND RAN.



THE PAINFUL OPERATION WAS PERFORMED. PAIN-KILLING DRUGS WERE UNKNOWN IN THOSE DAYS, AND IGNATIUS WAS FULLY CONSCIOUS DURING THE ORDEAL.

HE WAS BRAVER TODAY ON THE OPERATING TABLE THAN HE WAS IN THE BATTLE OF PAMPLONA.

HE UTTERED NOT A WORD DURING THE ENTIRE OPERATION.



BUT A FEW MONTHS LATER, MORE BRAVERY WAS NEEDED.

IGNATIUS, YOUR LEG HAS HEALED, BUT IT IS BADLY DEFORMED. TO CORRECT IT, YOU WOULD NEED ANOTHER OPERATION. IT WOULD BE MUCH MORE PAINFUL THAN THE LAST.

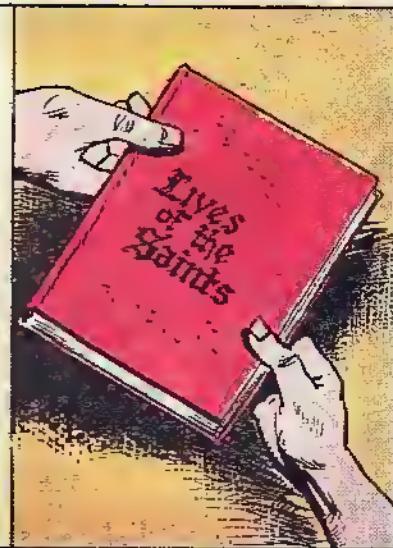
I CAN STAND THE PAIN, DOCTOR. GO AHEAD.

BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER READING MATERIAL IN THE CASTLE, AND IN TIME --

THESE PEOPLE WERE JUST THE SAME AS I. WHY, THEN, SHOULDN'T I DO WHAT THEY DID? ANY BRAVERY I HAVE SHOWN IS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE BRAVERY OF THE SAINTS.



AGAIN, IGNATIUS SUFFERED THE TORTURES OF THE OPERATING ROOM. THE OPERATION INCLUDED THE SAWING AWAY OF PART OF THE BONE IN HIS RIGHT LEG. YET, IGNATIUS REFUSED TO BE HELD DOWN DURING THE ORDEAL. THERE FOLLOWED A LONG PERIOD IN BED. TO PASS THE TIME, IGNATIUS ASKED FOR SOME READING MATERIAL. AT FIRST, HE DID NOT LIKE WHAT HE WAS GIVEN.



IGNATIUS BECAME WELL AGAIN, BUT LEARNED HE WAS TO LIMP THE REST OF HIS LIFE. ONE DAY, HE MADE A SURPRISING ANNOUNCEMENT.

WHAT'S THIS, IGNATIUS? A MASQUERADE PARTY?

DOCTOR, I HAVE BEEN SORELY TROUBLED ABOUT THE LIFE I HAVE LED. LAST NIGHT I SAW A VISION OF OUR LADY AND THE CHILD JESUS. IT HAS MADE UP MY MIND -- I AM LEAVING THE CASTLE TO LIVE A LIFE OF PENANCE.



IGNATIUS JOURNEYED TO A TOWN CALLED MANRESA. THERE HE LIVED FOR ABOUT A YEAR, DOING PENANCE AND BEGINNING HIS FAMOUS BOOK, "SPIRITUAL EXERCISES", DESIGNED TO LEAD THE FAITHFUL TO MORE PIUS LIVES.



**I**N FEBRUARY, 1523, IGNATIUS STARTED ON A JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

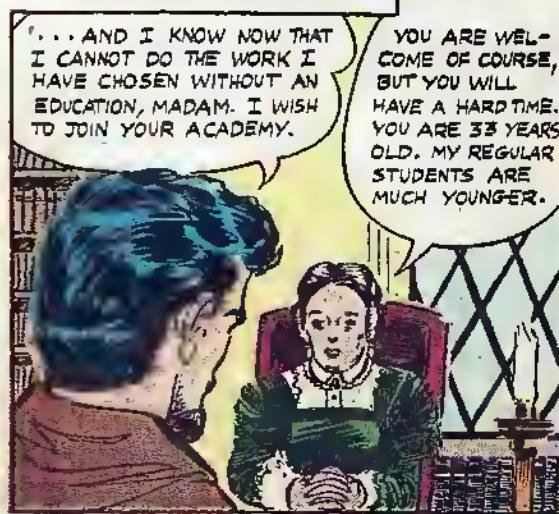
SO YOU ARE BEGGING YOUR WAY TO THE HOLY LAND, EH? PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOU GET A FEW MORE MILES AWAY FROM HERE.



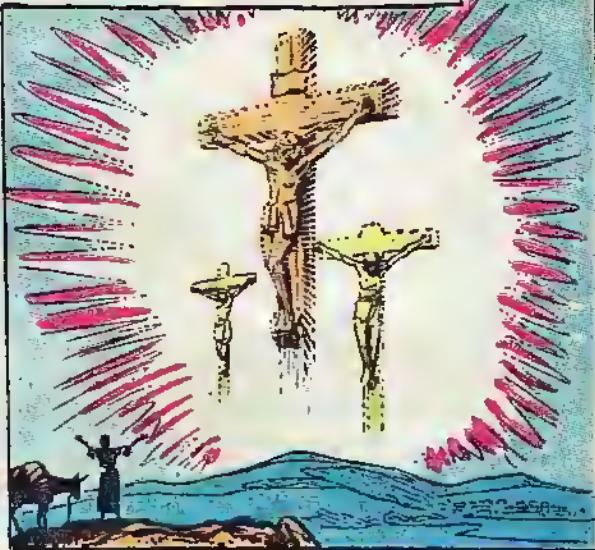
... AND RECKLESSLY TRIED TO CONVERT MOHAMMEDANS TO CHRISTIANITY.



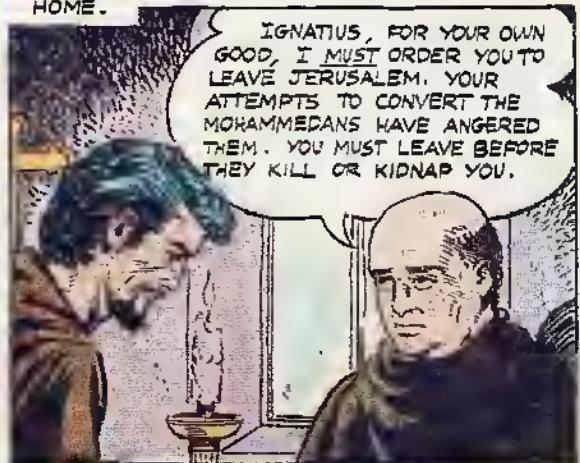
ON HIS RETURN TO SPAIN IN 1524, IGNATIUS JOURNEYED TO BARCELONA.



**I**N JERUSALEM, IGNATIUS WAS MOVED BY THE SCENES OF CHRIST'S PASSION...



THE FRANCISCAN GUARDIAN OF THE HOLY PLACES IN JERUSALEM WAS FORCED TO ORDER HIM HOME.



DESPITE MANY DIFFICULTIES, IGNATIUS PROVED A MOST OUTSTANDING PUPIL.



**A**FTER TWO YEARS AT THE ACADEMY, IGNATIUS BEGAN ATTENDING THE UNIVERSITY OF ALCALA. IN ALL, HE SPENT 11 YEARS IN STUDY AT VARIOUS SCHOOLS, DURING WHICH HE CONTINUED HIS LIFE AS A BEGGAR. IN 1534, AT THE AGE OF 43...



**A** SHORT TIME LATER, FOR REASONS OF HEALTH, DOCTORS ORDERED IGNATIUS TO RETURN TO SPAIN.



**T**WO YEARS LATER, HE REJOINED HIS FELLOW STUDENTS, THIS TIME IN ROME. TOGETHER, THEY HAD AN AUDIENCE WITH POPE PAUL III.



**A**ABOUT THAT TIME, IGNATIUS AND SIX OF HIS FELLOW STUDENTS, INCLUDING FRANCIS XAVIER, GATHERED TOGETHER IN A CHAPEL WHERE THEY TOOK VOWS OF POVERTY AND CHASTITY.



**I**NSTEAD OF GOING TO THE CASTLE, IGNATIUS CHOSE ANOTHER HOME.



**I**GNATIUS WAS THE LAST OF THE GROUP TO CELEBRATE HOLY MASS.



FINALLY ...



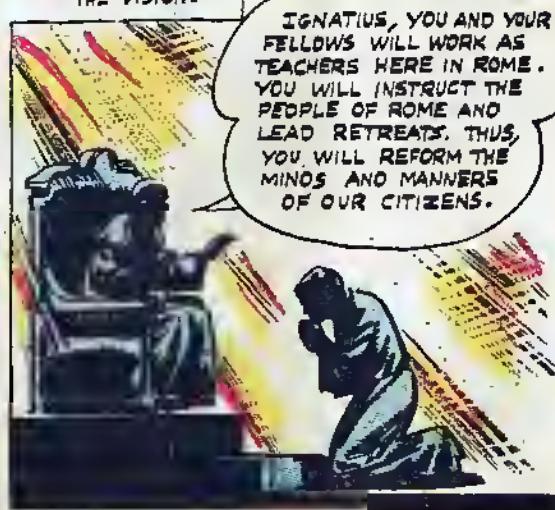
IGNATIUS AND HIS FELLOW PRIESTS WANTED TO FULFILL THEIR VOW TO GO TO THE HOLY LAND. BUT BECAUSE OF A WAR BETWEEN VENICE AND THE TURKS, IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SECURE A SHIP TO TAKE THEM THERE. THEREFORE, THE GROUP TURNED TO THE ALTERNATIVE OF THEIR VOW: TO OFFER THEIR SERVICES TO THE POPE IN ANY WAY HE SAW FIT.



BEFORE VISITING THE HOLY FATHER, IGNATIUS HAD A VISION.



HIS HOLINESS FULFILLED THE PROMISE OF THE VISION.



THE GROUP OF PRIESTS WAS NOT A RELIGIOUS ORDER. BUT NOW, WITH A DEFINITE JOB TO DO, THE IDEA OF A RELIGIOUS ORDER BEGAN TO FORM IN THEIR MINDS.

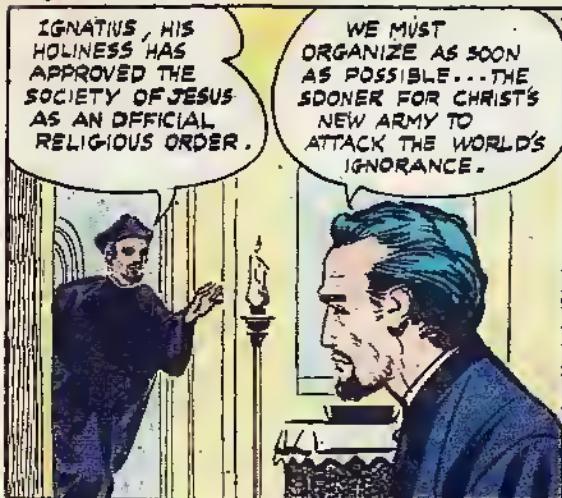
I FEEL THAT A RELIGIOUS ORDER SUCH AS WE HAVE IN MIND SHOULD BE SET UP MUCH LIKE AN ARMY ...

YES, WE SHOULD HAVE STRICT DISCIPLINE. WE SHOULD TAKE A VOW OF OBEDIENCE TO A LEADER.

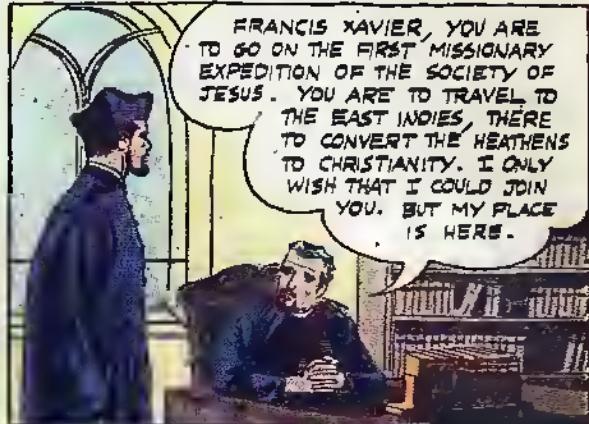
I SHOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST ALSO WE TAKE A VOW THAT WE WILL GO WHEREVER THE POPE SENDS US FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS.



SEPTEMBER 27, 1540 ...



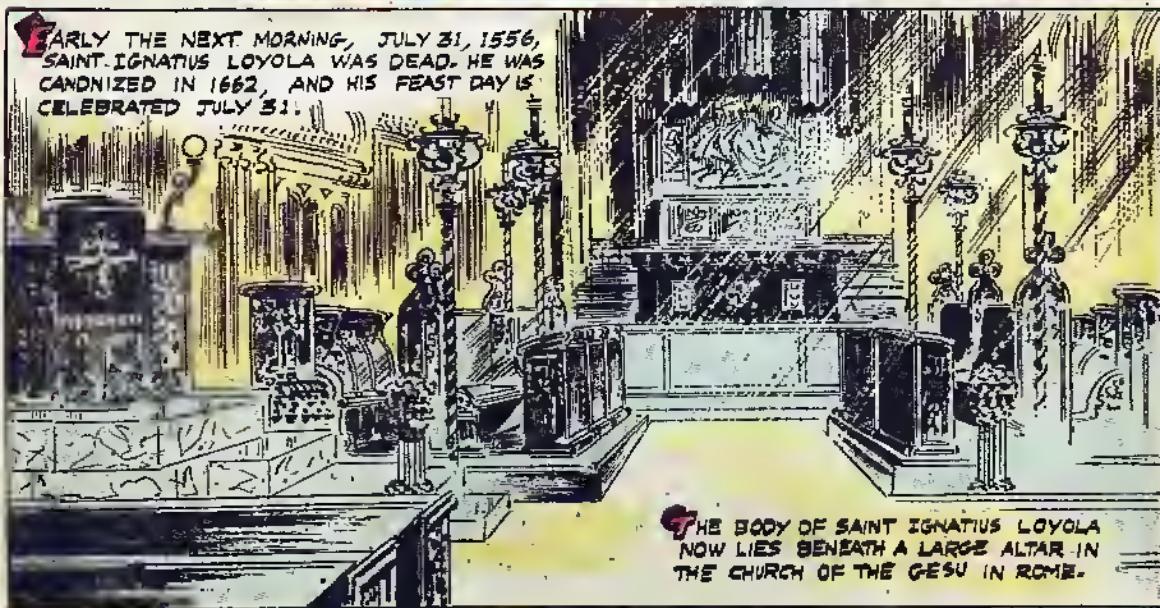
IGNATIUS WAS CHOSEN THE JESUIT LEADER. WITHIN A YEAR, THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW ORDER HAD TAKEN THEIR VOWS AND WERE READY TO BEGIN THEIR WORK.

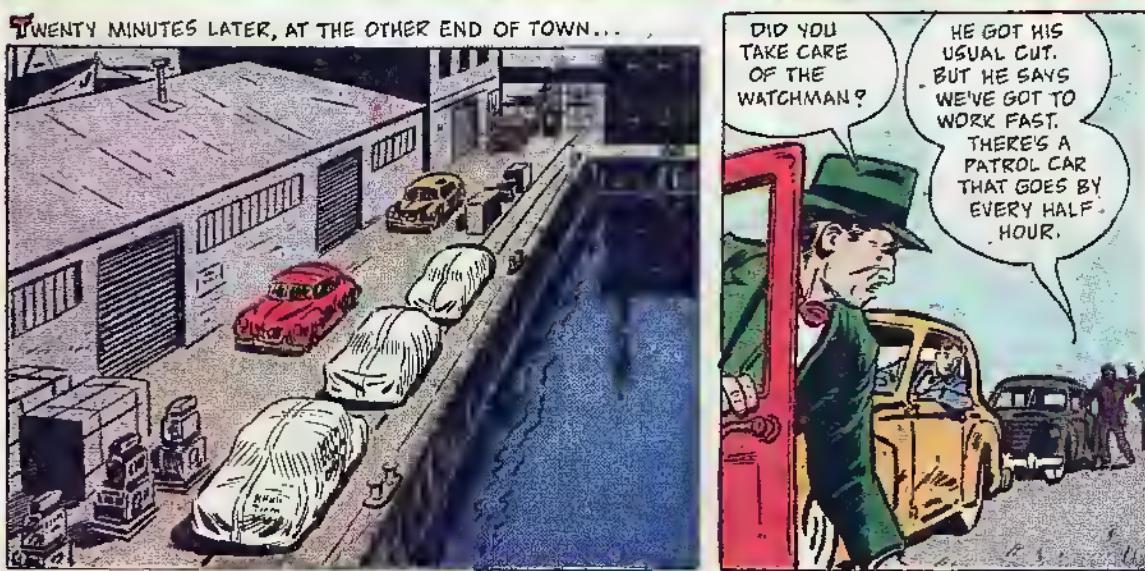
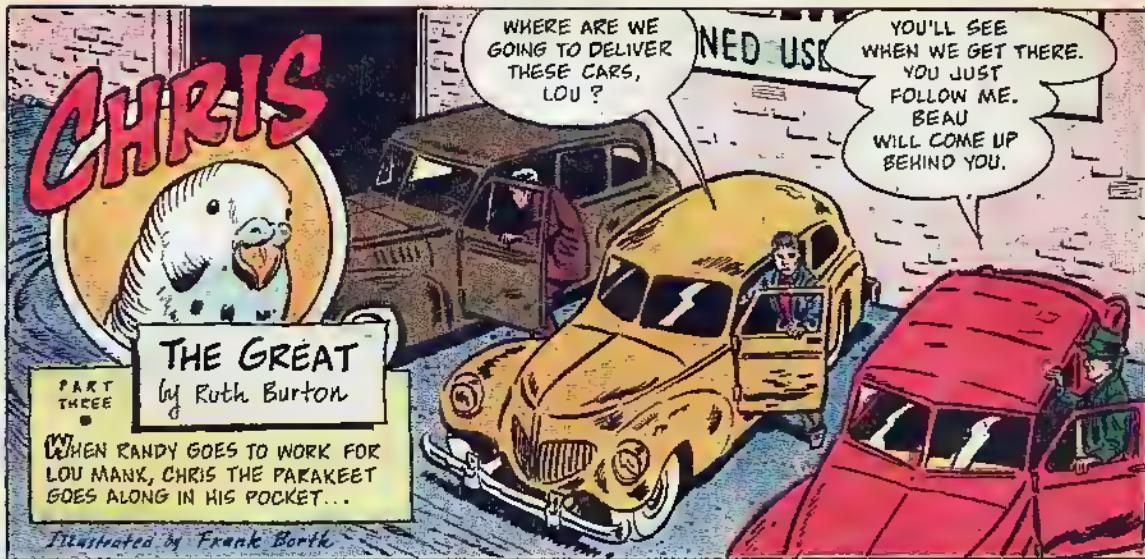


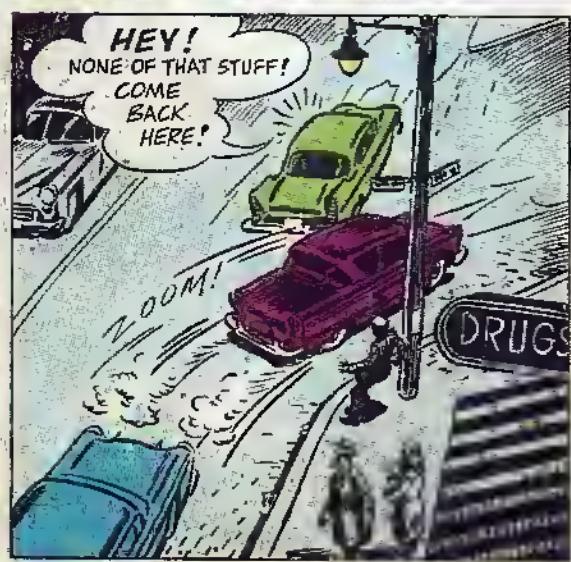
THE SOCIETY OF JESUS GREW QUICKLY. IGNATIUS REMAINED IN ROME, DIRECTING ITS FAR-FUNG OPERATIONS FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS. DURING THAT PERIOD, HE WAS ILL FIFTEEN TIMES; SO THE SIXTEENTH TIME CAUSED NO SPECIAL EXCITEMENT.

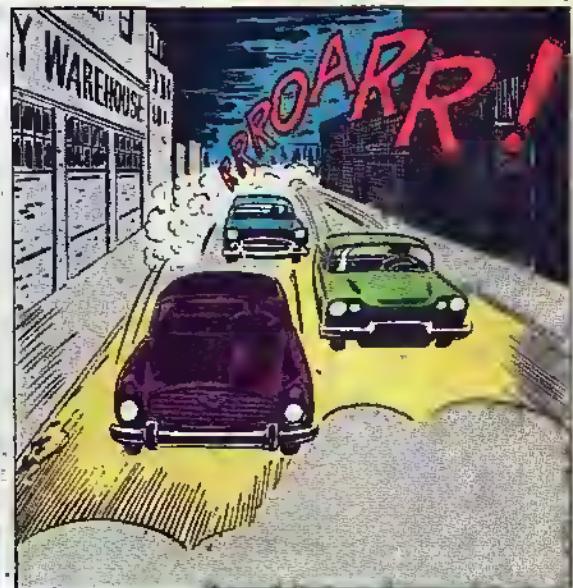
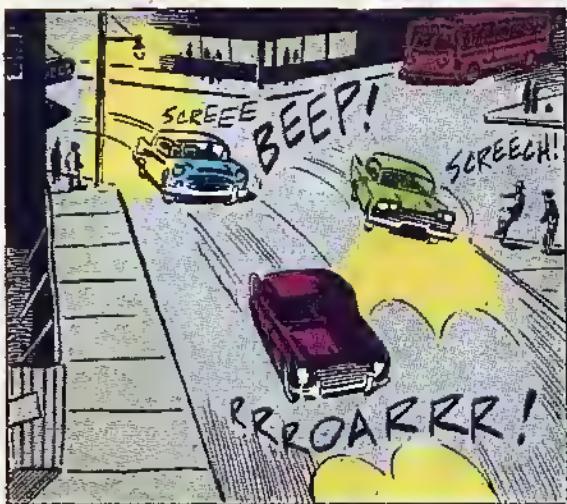


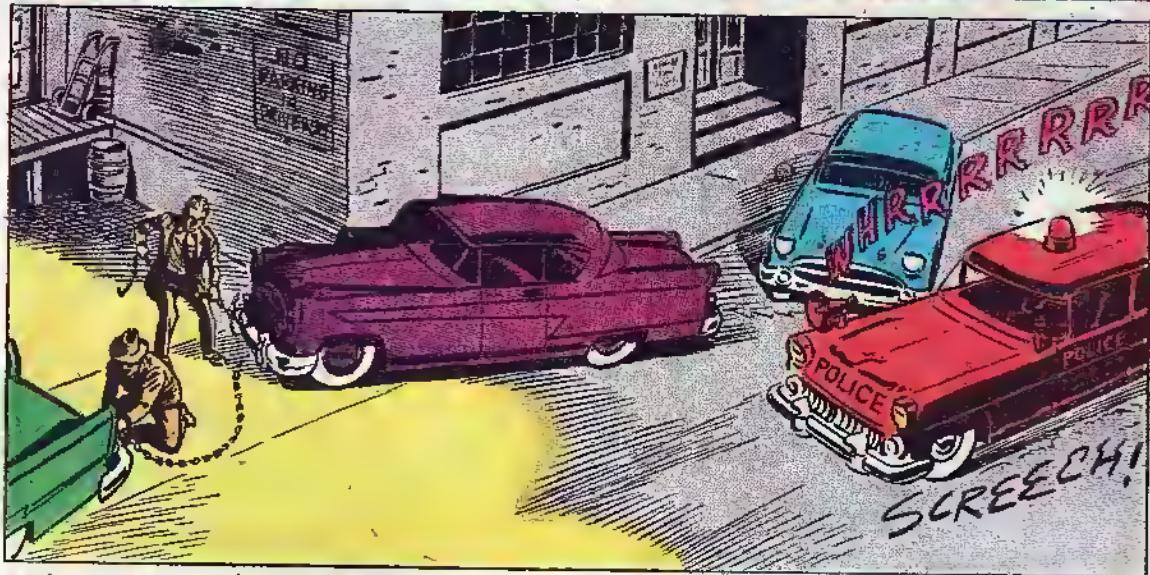
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JULY 31, 1556, SAINT IGNATIUS LOYOLA WAS DEAD. HE WAS CANDONIZED IN 1662, AND HIS FEAST DAY IS CELEBRATED JULY 31.

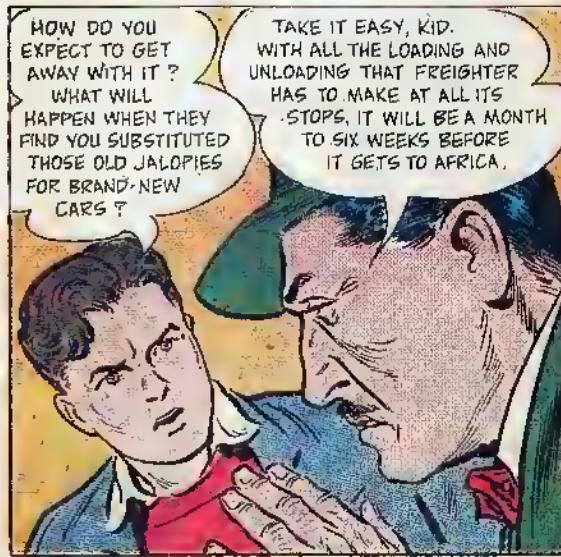
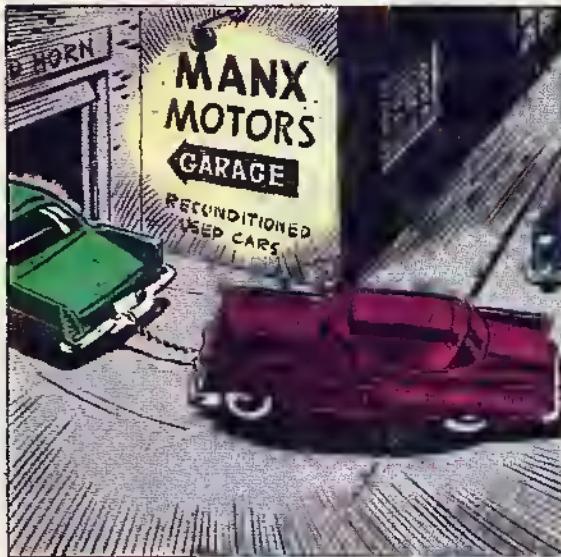


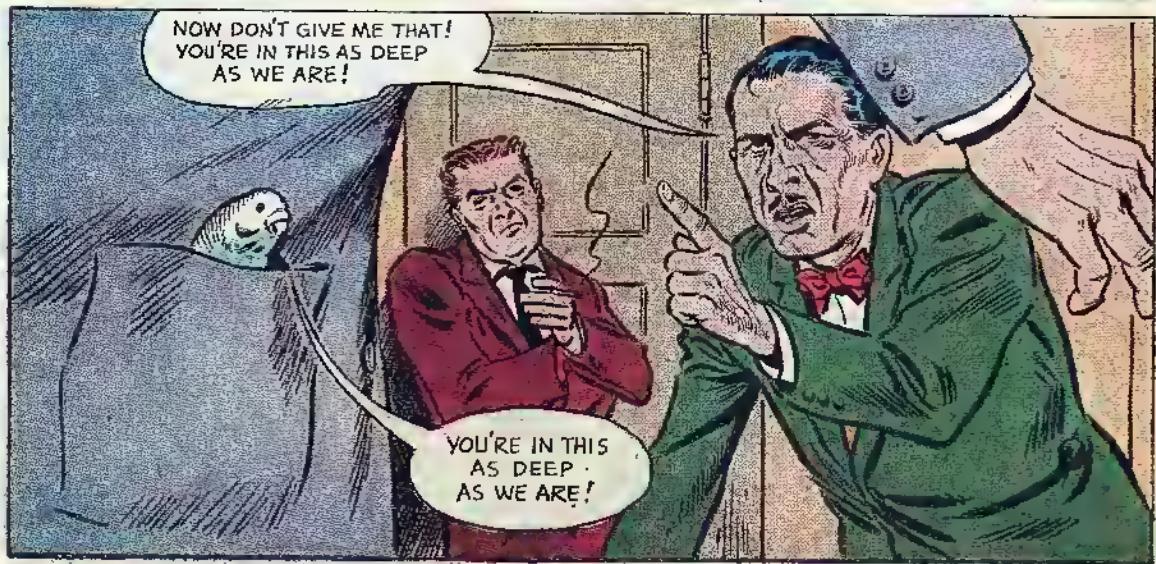
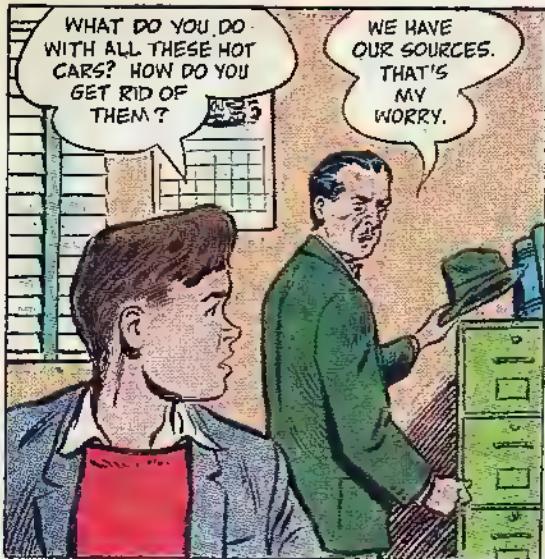




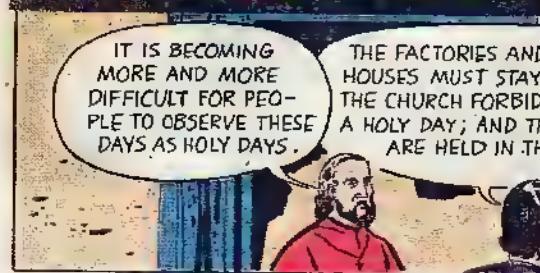
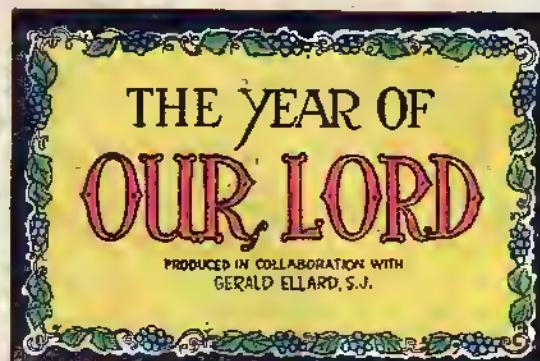










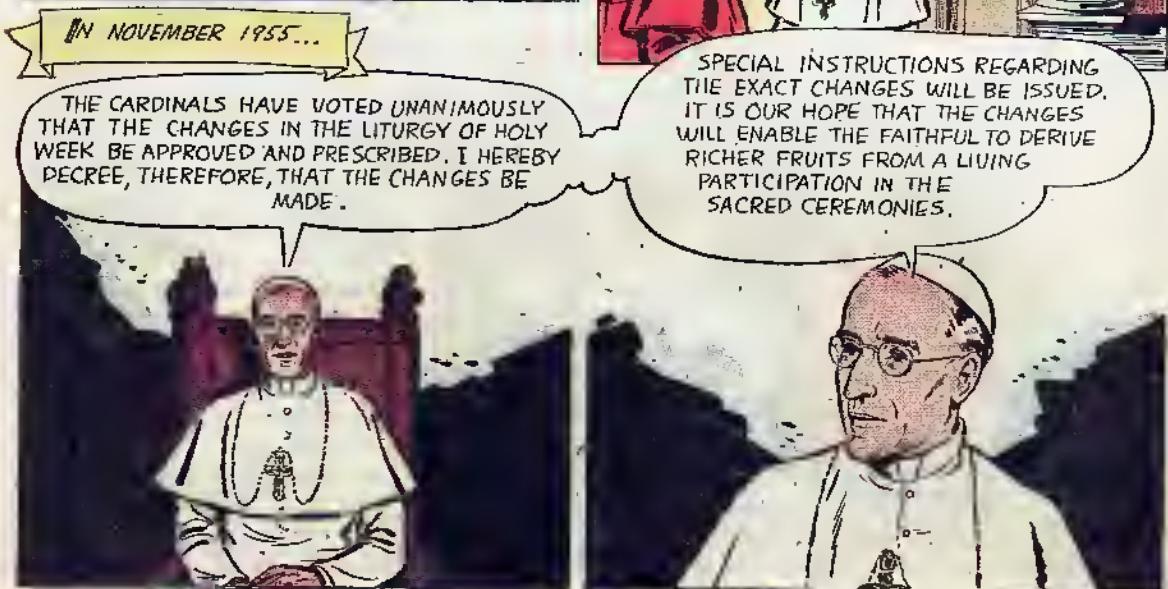
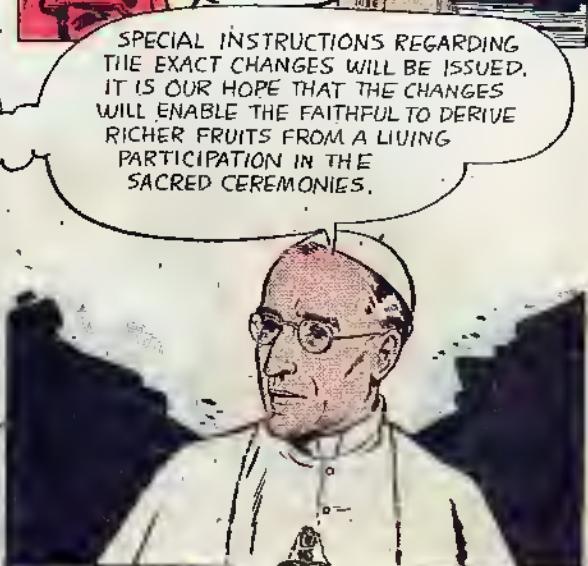
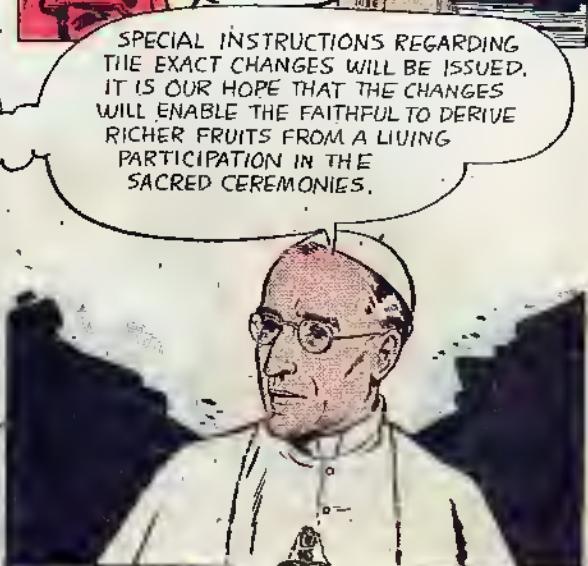
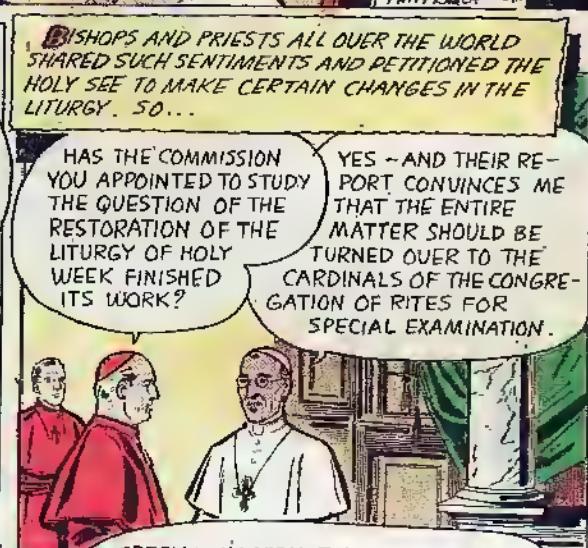
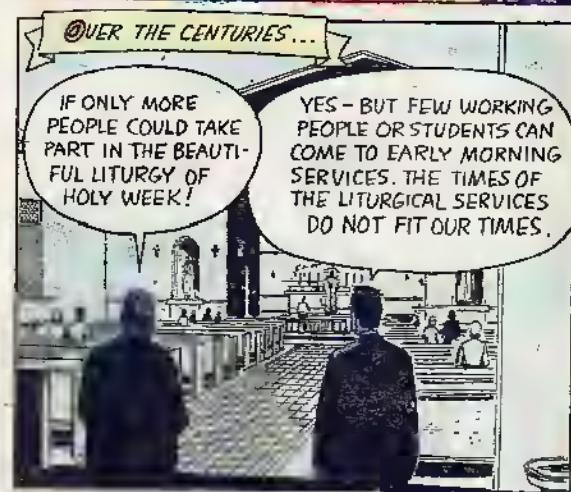


AS WE HAVE SEEN, THE ESSENTIALS OF THE LITURGY — THE DIVINE SERVICE THAT MAN RENDERS TO GOD — REMAIN THE SAME THROUGH THE AGES, BUT THE KIND OF SERVICE AND THE WAYS IN WHICH MAN HAS CONDUCTED IT HAS CHANGED WITH THE TIMES TO FILL THE NEEDS OF THE PEOPLE. A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THIS HAS OCCURRED IN OUR OWN TIME — THE CHANGES IN THE LITURGY OF HOLY WEEK.

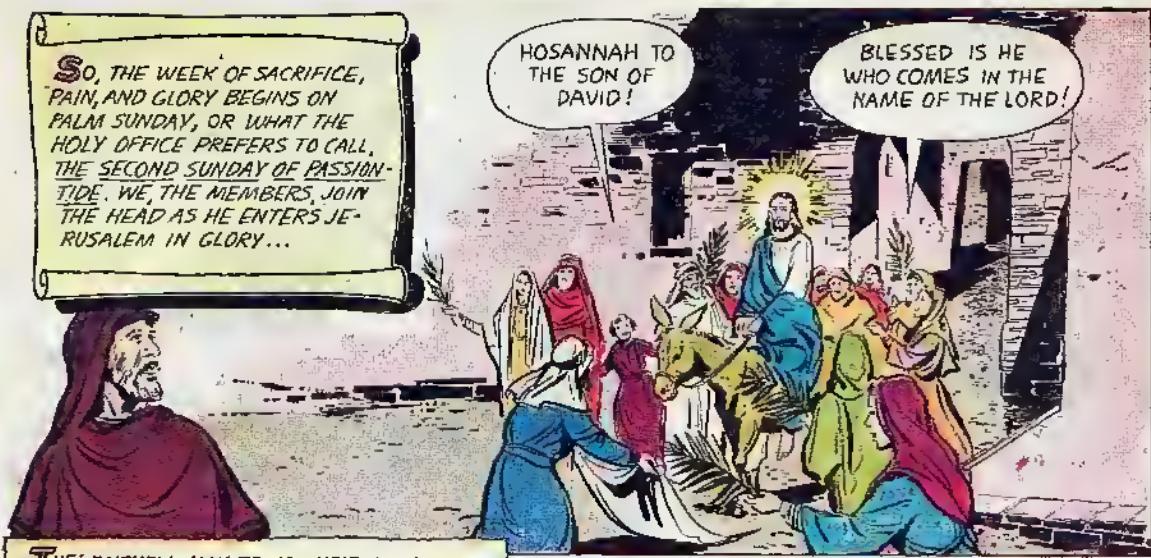
DURING THE EARLY CENTURIES OF THE CHURCH, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY OF HOLY WEEK WERE HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION AND THE SERVICES WERE HELD IN THE EVENING, AT THE TIME OF DAY AT WHICH THE ORIGINAL EVENTS OCCURRED. BUT IN 1642, WHEN URBAN VIII WAS POPE...

YES — THE TIMES ARE TIMES OF GROWTH AND CHANGE. THE DAY TO DAY PATTERN OF THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE IS CHANGING. IT IS SAD, BUT I THINK WE MUST OFFICIALLY DECLARE THAT THE LAST THREE DAYS OF HOLY WEEK ARE NO LONGER HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION.

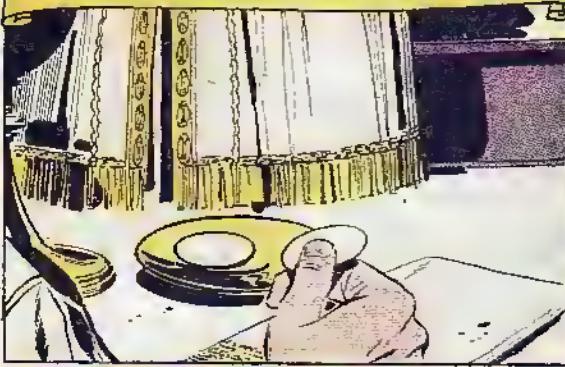
ILLUS. BY TONY KRECH



SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING THE EXACT CHANGES WILL BE ISSUED. IT IS OUR HOPE THAT THE CHANGES WILL ENABLE THE FAITHFUL TO DERIVE RICHER FRUITS FROM A LIVING PARTICIPATION IN THE SACRED CEREMONIES.



IN THIS MASS OF THE LORD'S SUPPER WE HAVE AN EXAMPLE OF HOW THE LITURGY IS CHANGED IN SMALL DETAILS AS WELL AS IN LARGER PATTERNS. WHEREAS THE PRIEST USED TO CONSECRATE TWO LARGE HOSTS, TO BE USED FOR HIS OWN COMMUNIONS ON HOLY THURSDAY AND GOOD FRIDAY...



THE LITURGY, IN ITS EFFORT TO BRING US CLOSER TO THE EVENTS OF OUR LORD'S LIFE, INCLUDES THE MANDATUM...



...OR WASHING OF THE FEET, WHICH IS NOT OBLIGATORY. THE CELEBRANT OF THE MASS WASHES THE FEET OF TWELVE MEN, JUST AS OUR LORD WASHED THE FEET OF THE APOSTLES.

... AND THE MAIN ALTAR OF SACRIFICE - A SYMBOL OF CHRIST - IS STRIPPED JUST AS CHRIST WAS BEFORE THE SCOURGING AND THE CRUCIFIXION. DURING THE STRIPPING THE 21ST PSALM IS PRAYED.

INDEED, MANY DOGS SURROUND ME; A PACK OF EVILDOERS CLOSES IN UPON ME.

...HE NOW CONSECRATES ONE LARGE HOST, WHICH HE RECEIVES AT THE MASS OF OUR LORD'S SUPPER AND THE QUANTITY OF SMALL HOSTS THAT WILL BE NECESSARY FOR THE FAITHFUL ON HOLY THURSDAY AND GOOD FRIDAY.



WHEN THE MASS IS OVER, THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IS TAKEN TO THE ALTAR OF REPOSE...

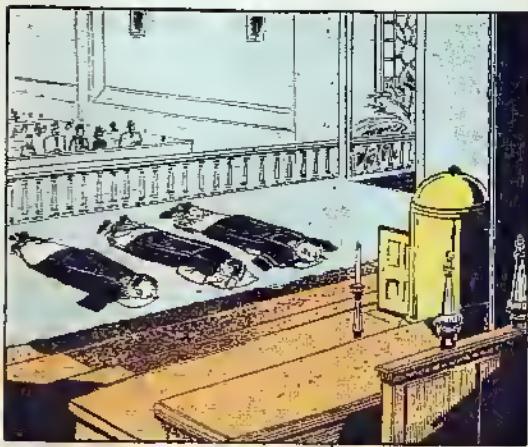


SING, MY TONGUE,  
ACCLAIM CHRIST PRESENT,  
VEILED WITHIN THIS  
SACRED SIGN.

THEY HAVE PIERCED MY HANDS AND MY FEET; I CAN COUNT ALL MY BONES.



ON GOOD FRIDAY THE SERVICE BEGINS IN THE BARE CHURCH, AS CLOSE TO 3 P.M. AS POSSIBLE. THE PRIESTS PROSTRATE THEMSELVES BEFORE THE ALTAR.



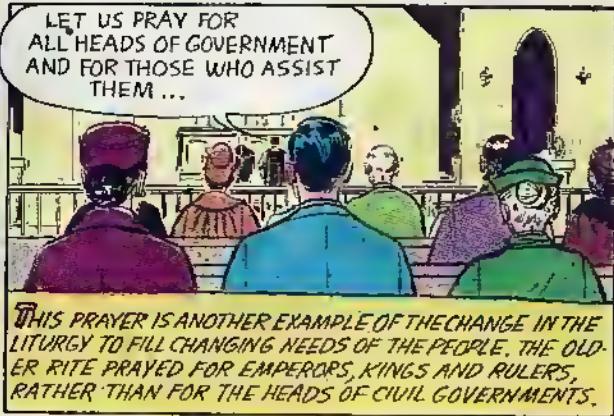
AFTER THE PRAYERS ARE SAID, THE VEILED CRUCIFIX IS BROUGHT FROM THE SACRISTY.



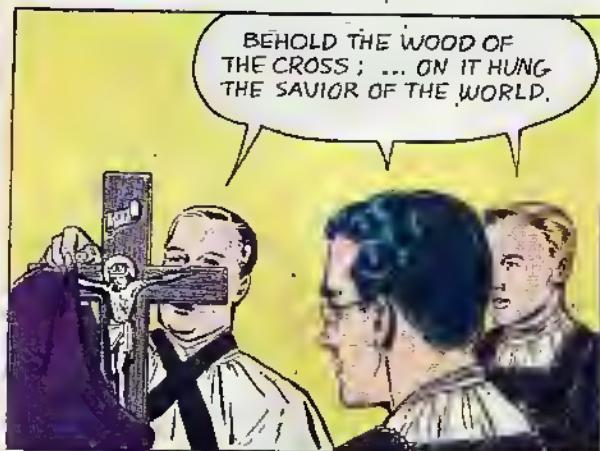
ALL VENERATE THE CROSS...



TWO PASSAGES FROM SCRIPTURE ARE READ AND VARIOUS PRAYERS ARE SAID. THE GOSPEL OF THE PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN IS READ AND ANOTHER SERIES OF PRAYERS IS SAID FOR VARIOUS PEOPLE.



THE CRUCIFIX IS CARRIED TO THREE POSITIONS ON THE ALTAR - THE CELEBRANT UNVEILING A LITTLE MORE OF THE CRUCIFIX IN EACH POSITION. FINALLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ALTAR...



THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IS RETURNED TO THE MAIN ALTAR AND ADORED. THEN THE FAITHFUL JOIN WITH THE PRIEST IN RECITING...



AFTER THE PRIEST HAS RECITED TWO FURTHER PRAYERS, COMMUNION IS DISTRIBUTED TO THE FAITHFUL.

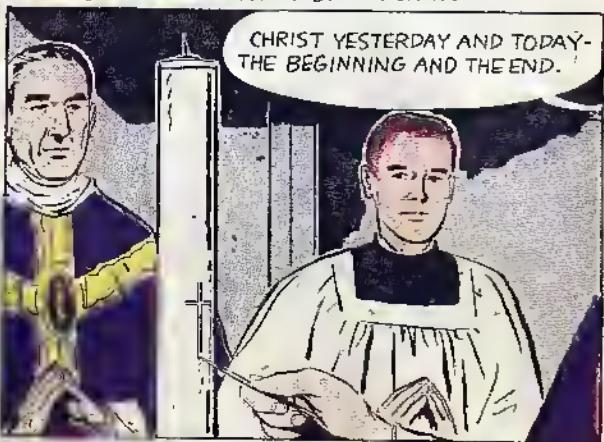
BECAUSE OF THE REVISED LITURGY WE CAN ALL TAKE PART IN THE GLORIOUS CLIMAX THAT TAKES PLACE DURING THE EVENING OF HOLY SATURDAY. MASS MUST BEGIN ABOUT MIDNIGHT; SO THE CEREMONIES BEGIN ABOUT 10 P.M.

AS GOD CHOSE FIRE TO SIGNIFY HIS PRESENCE TO MOSES ON SINAI AND TO THE HEBREWS IN THE DESERT, SO THE FIRE FROM A SPARK, STRUCK FROM A STONE WITH FLINT, IS A SIGN OF HIS NEW PRESENCE AMONG US. THUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD RISES FROM THE STONE TOMB.

THE EASTER VIGIL BEGINS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH DOOR WHERE THE SPARK STARTS A FIRE IN A SMALL PILE OF DRY WOOD.



THE CHARCOAL FOR THE CENSER IS LIGHTED AND THE CELEBRANT BLESSES THE FIRE AND THE COALS WITH HOLY WATER. THE PASCHAL CANDLE IS BROUGHT IN. THE CELEBRANT CUTS THE SIGN OF THE CROSS UPON IT.



AFTER HE HAS CUT THE FIRST AND LAST LETTERS OF THE GREEK ALPHABET - ALPHA AND OMEGA - AND THE NUMBER OF THE YEAR IN THE CANDLE, HE INSERTS FIVE GRAINS OF INCENSE...

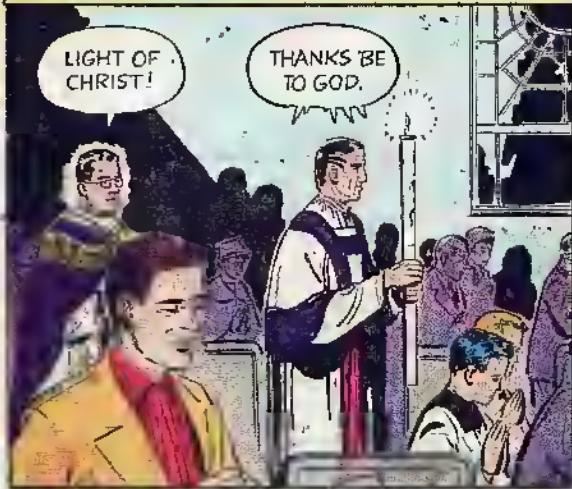
BY HIS WOUNDS HOLY AND GLORIOUS, MAY HE PROTECT US AND PRESERVE US WHO IS CHRIST THE LORD, AMEN.



THEN... MAY THE LIGHT OF THE GLORIOUSLY RISEN CHRIST SCATTER THE DARKNESS OF MIND AND HEART.



THE LIGHT IS BROUGHT INTO A DARKENED CHURCH AND RAISED SLIGHTLY...

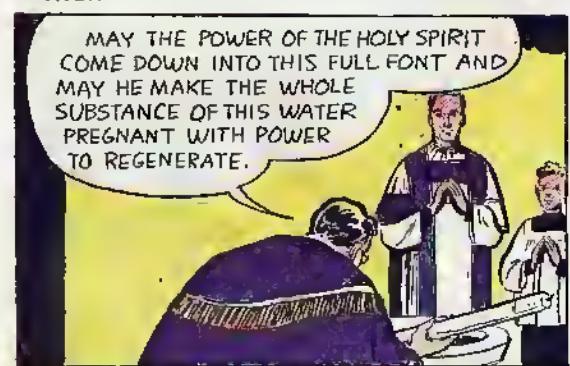


THREE TIMES THE PROCESSION STOPS AND MORE OF THE CANDLES OF THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL ARE LIT FROM THE PASCHAL CANDLE. THEN THE PASCHAL CANDLE IS SET IN ITS STAND IN THE SANCTUARY.

THE LORD BE IN YOUR HEART AND ON YOUR LIPS, THAT YOU MAY WORTHILY AND PROPERLY PROCLAIM HIS PRAISE WITH THIS EASTER SONG, IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. AMEN.



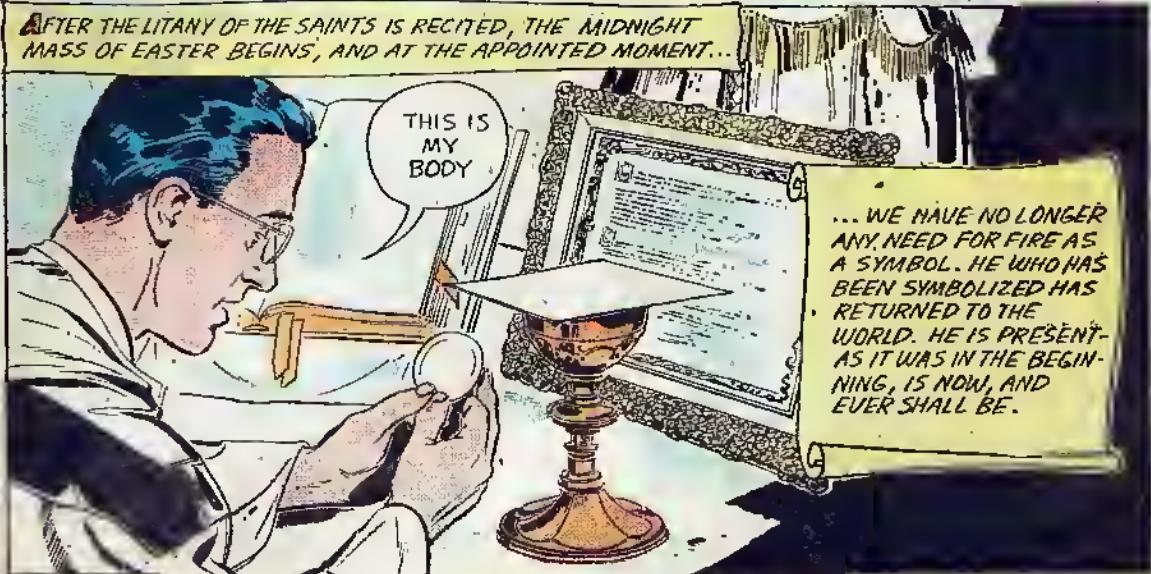
THERE FOLLOWS THE EASTER HYMN, THE READINGS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT, THE LITANY OF THE SAINTS, THE BAPTISMAL SERVICE, AND THE BLESSING OF THE BAPTISMAL WATERS. THE MOST SOLEMN PART OF THE BLESSING OCCURS WHEN THE CELEBRANT LOWERS THE CANDLE INTO THE WATER THREE TIMES AND BREATHES UPON THE WATER.



BAPTISM MAY BE CONFERRED UPON SOME IF PREVIOUS ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE. AFTER BAPTISM, ALL PRESENT RENEW THEIR BAPTISMAL PROMISES.



AFTER THE LITANY OF THE SAINTS IS RECITED, THE MIDNIGHT MASS OF EASTER BEGINS, AND AT THE APPOINTED MOMENT...

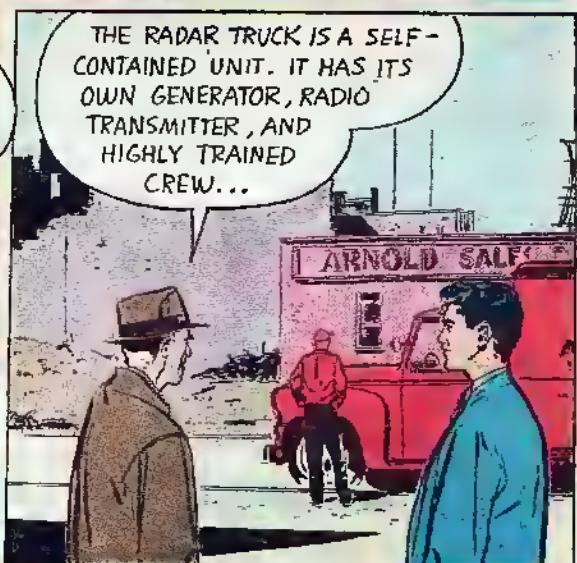
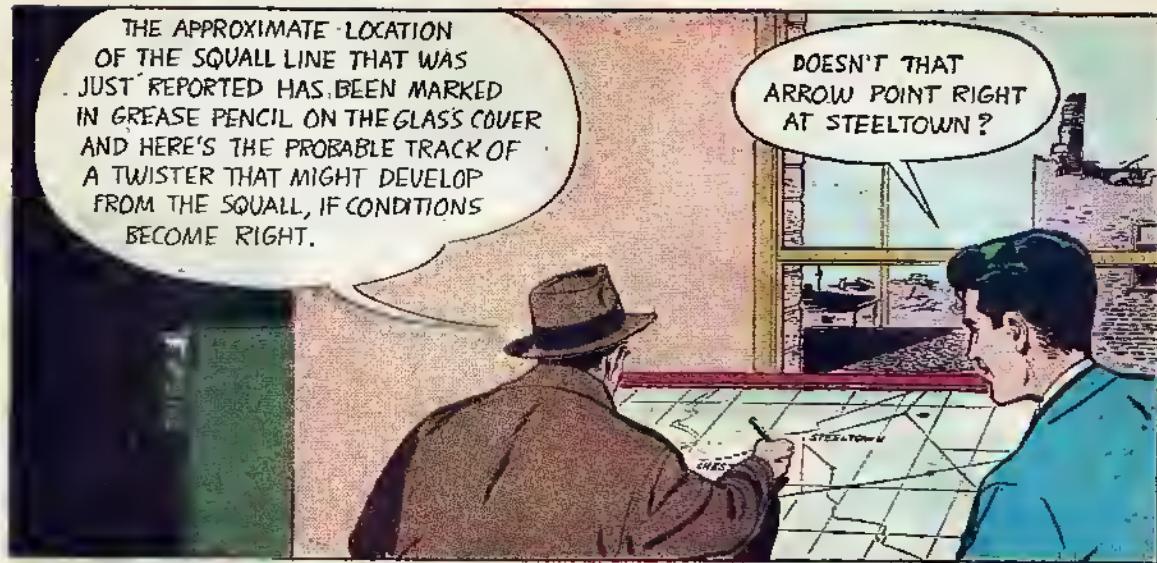




THIS MAP SHOWS HOW THE CHAIN OF COMMAND SPREADS OUT FROM OUR HEADQUARTERS AT KANSAS CITY TO DISTRICT STORM-WARNING CENTERS.

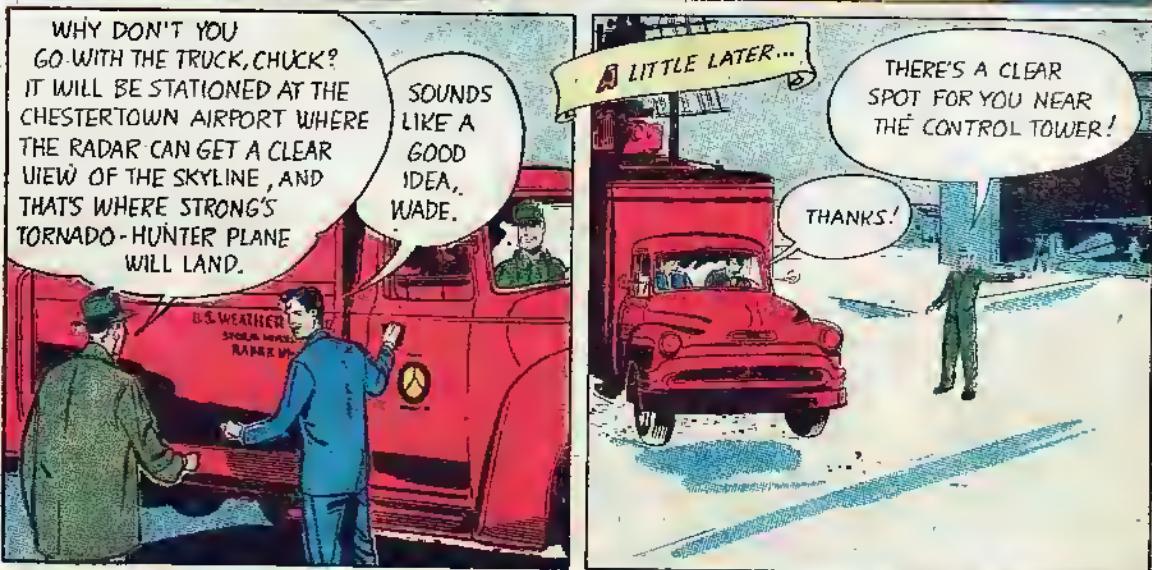
EACH DISTRICT CENTER, IN TURN,  
SENDS ORDERS TO AND RECEIVES REPORTS  
FROM VARIOUS FIELD OBSERVER STATIONS,  
WHICH ARE MANNED BY LOCAL POLICE AND  
CIVIL DEFENSE OFFICIALS AND BY  
VOLUNTEER WORKERS.

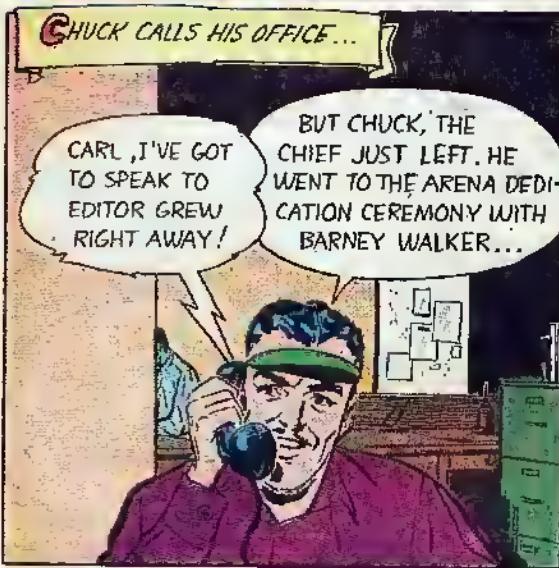




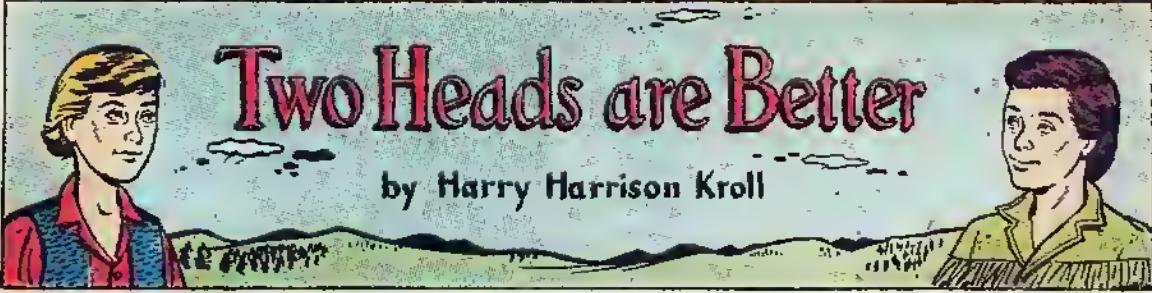
NOW HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE SAME LINE SQUALL AFTER A "HOOK" HAS FORMED. THE "HOOK" IS A TELTALÉ CLOUD AND MOISTURE FORMATION CAUSED WHEN THE ROTARY-WIND SYSTEM BECOMES STRONG ENOUGH TO GENERATE A TORNADO FUNNEL.

THEN THE "HOOK" PINPOINTS THE LOCATION OF THE ACTUAL TORNADO!









# Two Heads are Better

by Harry Harrison Kroll

Dan listened attentively to his father. "You boys go out and round up the cows. They seem to have strayed. But don't go too far from the fort, hear? There have been Indian signs around."

"Red" Meeker thrust out his chest. "Who's scared of redskins?" He thumped himself. "Not me. I eat one for breakfast every morning!"

The men standing around laughed. Red was the stouthearted one—the hathead. His hair was bristling red, and maybe he was trying to live up to the reputation imputed to redheaded people.

Mr. Luker said, "Well, take care and don't stray too far." He opened the stockade gate.

Dawn was just coming up out of the Kentucky wilderness. There was a clearing of several acres out in front of the fort. Stumps stood up like pale dead things. The slope went down to the edge of a deep ravine, through which the creek ran. It was possible the cattle had gone down there for water. But it was strange they had broken from their habbies.

"Could have been redskins," Dan mused. He covered his shiver of apprehension. Red was tough and brave, and would have laughed with scorn at Dan's fears.

But even if your legs are weak and unwilling, you can make them go ahead, and Dan kept walking even with Red. The path was along toward the spring, where the women washed and the boys brought water for cooking and drinking. Dan halted. Day was growing pink in the east.

"I wonder if we should go any farther—"

"Pish!" Red sneered. "Your pow sent us to round up the cows, didn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"Let's at 'em!"

They moved down the path and past the entrance to the spring place. Dan was getting more and more jittery. He watched in all directions. A mist came up from the stream in the gulch. It would be prime for a dawn attack. Dan recalled the talk of grownups lately. The fort was strong. Black houses with loopholes far fifty rifles rose at every corner of the heavy stockade. The old heads said

that at last things were safe.

"Let's stop there at the round boulder," Dan suggested, pointing to the big stone at the edge of the gulch. With Red and their other friends young Dan had played around this big rock, and it was so balanced that he could push it. Now, as he and Red came to the object, Dan's temptation to shove it over the edge of the bank was hard to resist.

"Sh-hhh!"

Just what Dan heard, if he heard anything at all, he could not have said. He grabbed Red and pulled him down behind the rock. He had to clamp his hand over his companion's mouth to keep Red from letting out a howl. Red had a big mouth and big lungs and he liked to yell and cavort and make great noises.

"What in nation!" Red protested, as he lay down beside Dan.

"There's something in the gulch!"

"Naw. It's just your imagination. It's the cows."

Don sh-hhh-ed him again, and as soon as he got his breath Dan crawled around the stone and tried to see over the edge of the cliff without showing himself. If there was an enemy down there, the dim fog was helping him to hide. But the fog also helped cover Dan. He dared at last to pull himself to where he could look down into the deep ditch.

Don saw something unlike stone or green twigs. "Looky, Red! See?" he whispered.

"I don't see anything," Red muttered. For the first time he was not as brave-acting as he usually was when no danger was near.

But Dan was sure his eyes were not fooling him. An Indian lay on the ground, making himself as much a part of the earth and growth and stones as he could. Now the light was increasing, and Dan was sure. What was even worse, there was another Indian lying by the half-hidden one. Red gasped. They dared not look farther over the edge, for then they would give themselves away, if they had not already done so.

Red's voice was a breath. "I see three—"

"There's a whole mess of them hidden there. Waiting."

So that was where the cattle went. During the night the Indians had run the stock off, and now were waiting in ambush for the fort people to come in quest of the strayed beasts. That would open the stockade gate. And now the gate was open. What the Indians were waiting for now was someone like Dan, or Red, or maybe the women to show up.

There might still be time enough for the boys to get back to the fort. But the men there must be warned. Here was a chance for the hothead.

"What'll we do, Red?" Dan whispered.

To his dismay he heard Red's teeth chattering. "I—I dunno—"

Dan's head wasn't hot. In some strange way now it was cool. His mind worked fast. He pulled back behind the boulder. Red was still shivering. Dan had to talk low and fast.

"Let's shove the rock," Dan hardly thought, but he did figure this could upset the ambush. It would take the redskins a moment or two to recover. They would have to think what move to make next. "Then you yell at the top of your lungs!"

Red made a hoarse noise.

"Then we'll run for all we're worth!"

Red seemed unable to move. Don motioned to him to put his big shoulder against the rock. And a big strong shoulder it was. Red was worth twice what Dan was worth when it came to brawn. Together with one great shove they sent the rock careening down the steep side of the gulch. In the same breath and some movement the boys started at a dead run toward the fort.

Dan couldn't see what went on in the creek bottom. But something told him the Indians were roused like a yellow jacket's nest when you heave a firebrand into it. By the time the redskins had recovered from their surprise, the boys were already out in the open space, and Red had got his voice and was yelling to high heaven.

"Redskins! Injuns! Daddy! Men! The gate—"

Don yelled too, calling, "Daddy! Daddy!" but his voice was nothing compared with Red's.

Don caught a glimpse of some man at the gate. Just then an Indian rose up from behind one of the dead stumps in the clearing. From behind half a dozen snags and stumps as many more enemy rose by magic. They were bent on cutting the boys off. But Red had already spread the alarm with his howl.

"Redskins! Injuns!"

There was an instant of great confusion in the



fort. Suddenly a fusillade of rifle fire poured from the blockhouse on this side. The Indians dropped on the ground as if instantly killed. The boys ran frantically, Dan thinking every second he would stop a bullet. He knew the ruse of the red men in pretending to be killed, till they could make their getaway:

Now they were crouching low and getting away. Down in the gulch the other Indians were retreating as fast as they could escape. The men came tearing from the fort gate, and Dan rushed toward his father. Red made a flying tackle for his own father.

But the tumbling boulder that squelched the surprise down attack had made it possible for the hiding Indians to make good their escape. The men fanned out from the fort, but for the time being they dared not go too far afield. But now the sun was up. The danger seemed past. The cattle were located.

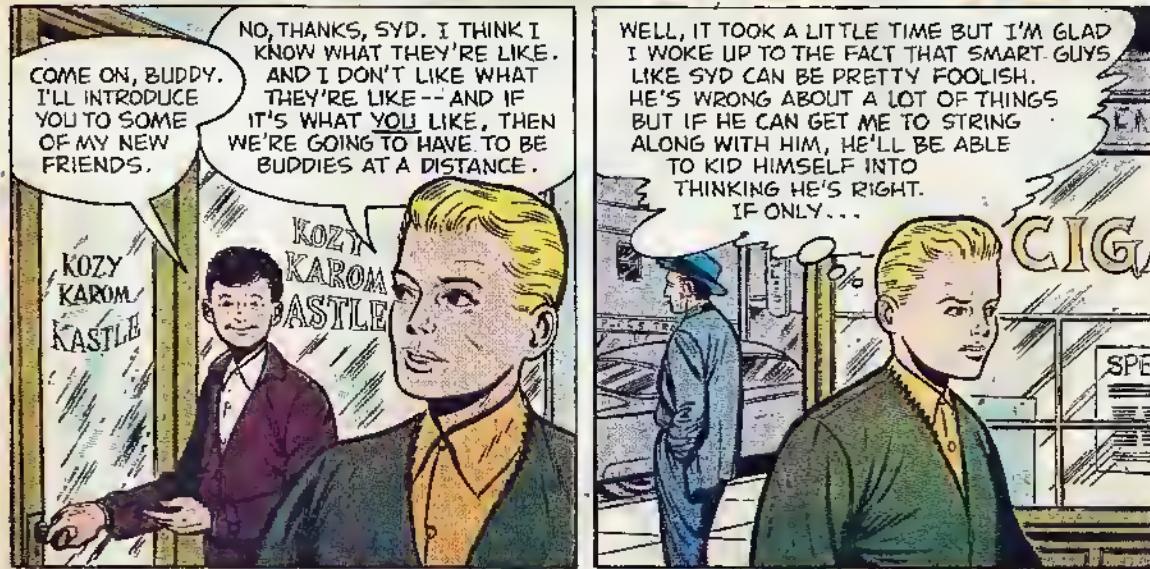
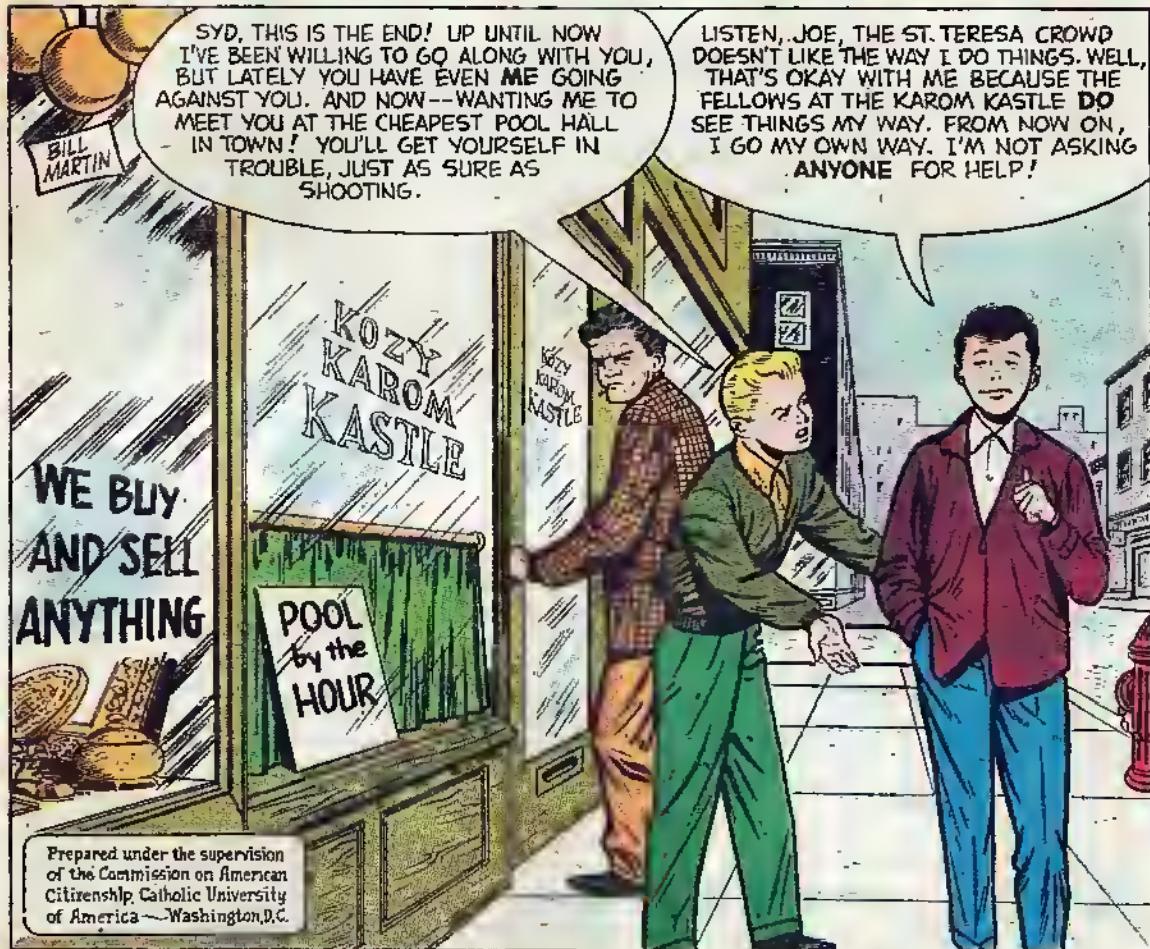
"I could have shot one of those fellows," Don's father said.

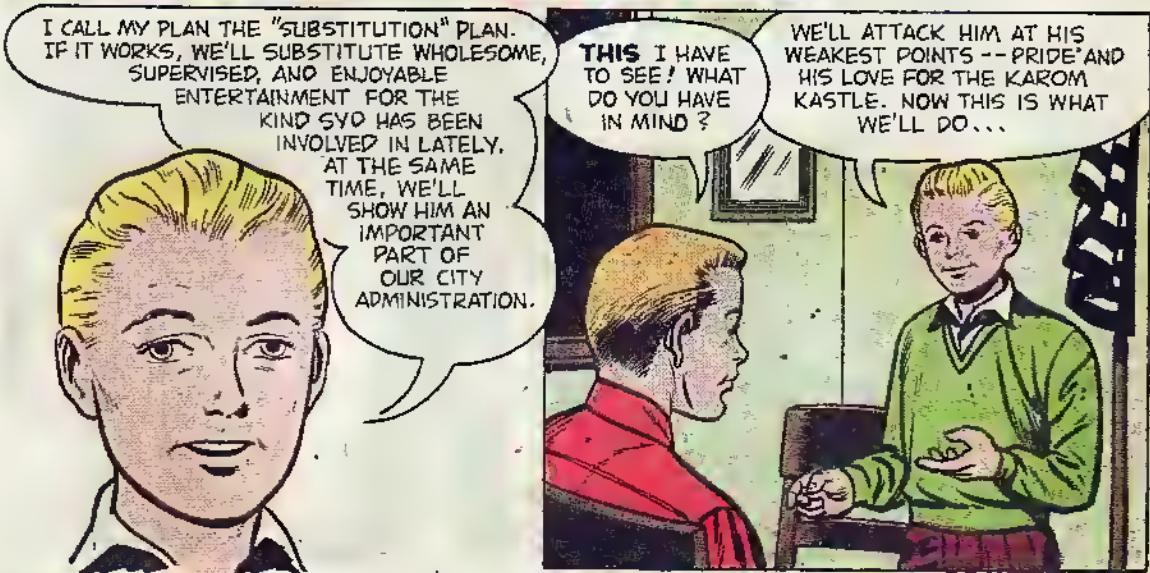
"Better that you didn't. They'll have that much less to hate us for."

Then the men turned to the boys. "Well, we have you and Red to thank for the warning," Don's father said.

"And Red's hollering," Dan said. Then he had it. "Anyhow, two heads are better than one, even if one is a hothead." But afterward it was noted that Red didn't play at being such a hothead any more. Maybe he remembered that teeth in a hothead can chatter the same as those in a coolhead.

# CITIZENIZING SYD





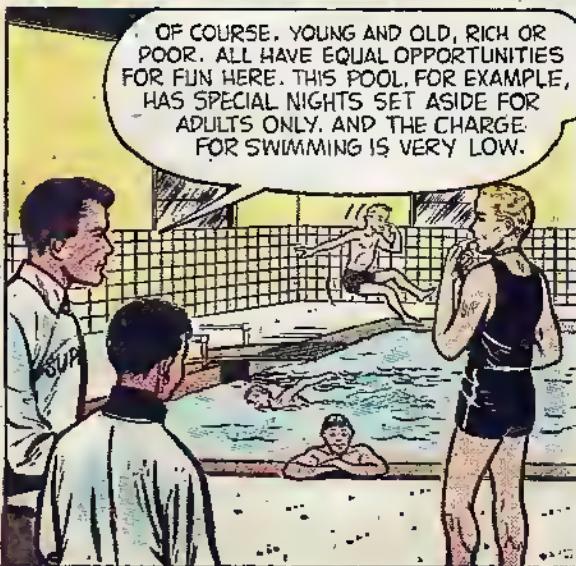


SYD IS TAKEN ON A TOUR. FIRST, THE GYM.

AS YOU CAN SEE, ALL THE CENTER'S ACTIVITIES ARE WELL SUPERVISED BY COMPETENT PEOPLE. THAT REFEREE IS NOT ONLY A TEACHER, BUT ALSO A FORMER STAR ATHLETE IN COLLEGE.

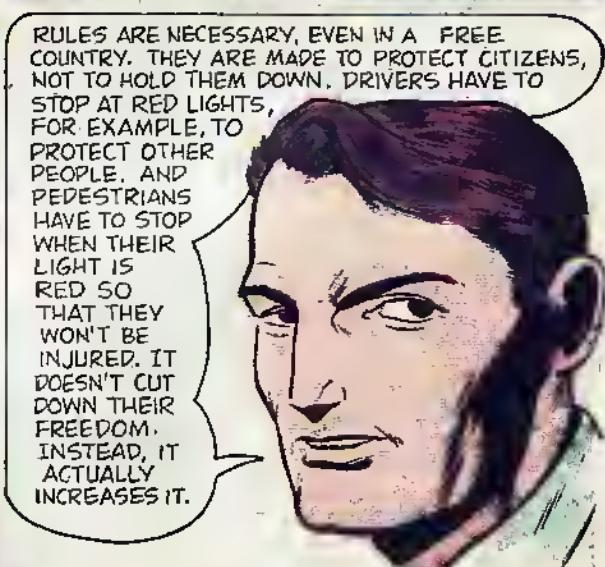
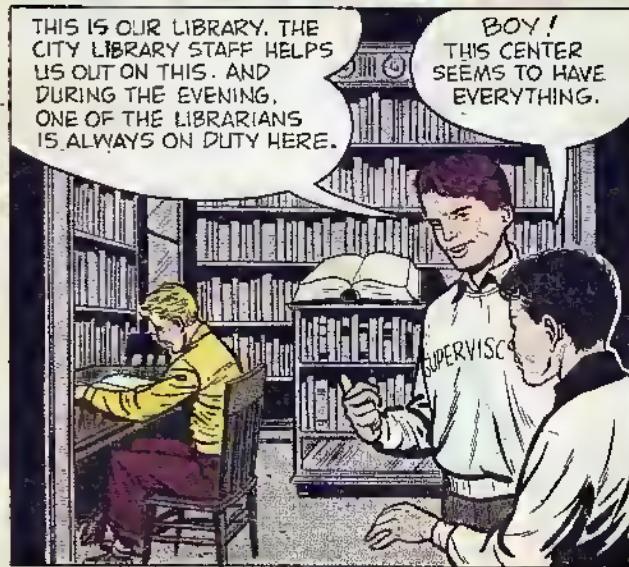
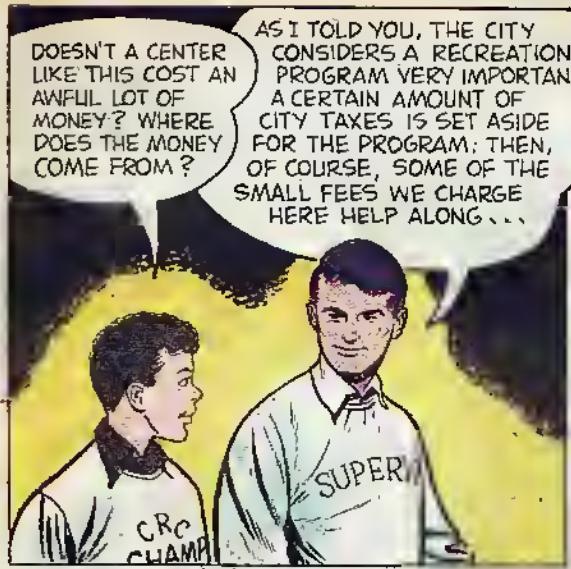


... GOOD RECREATION HELPS TO PRODUCE HEALTHIER AND HAPPIER CITIZENS. IT CUTS DOWN THE CRIME RATE BY KEEPING PEOPLE BUSY, AND SO THE CITY'S PURPOSE IN RUNNING THIS CENTER IS TO PROVIDE EVERYONE WITH AN EQUAL CHANCE FOR WHOLESOME FUN.



THIS IS ONE OF OUR CLUB ROOMS. THE PEOPLE PLAYING CARDS CALL THEMSELVES "THE GOLDEN AGE" CLUBBERS. THEY ARE ALL OVER 60. THEY HAVE ONE MEMBER WHO IS 96 YEARS OLD! SHE STILL JOINS IN MANY OF THE CLUB'S ACTIVITIES.







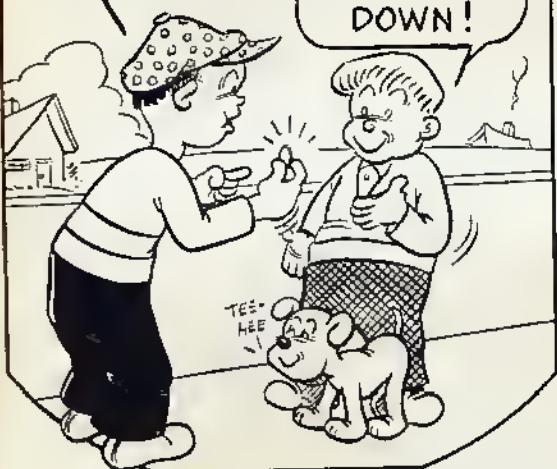


# CHEST CHUCKLES

by  
MILT HAMMER

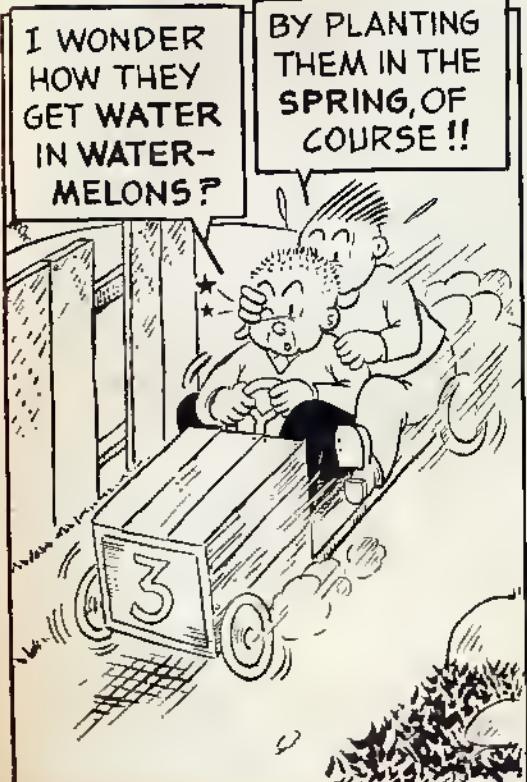
I WONDER WHY  
THE BUFFALO  
STANDS ON A  
NICKEL?

I SUPPOSE  
'CAUSE THERE'S  
NO ROOM FOR  
HIM TO SIT  
DOWN!



I WONDER  
HOW THEY  
GET WATER  
IN WATER-  
MELONS?

BY PLANTING  
THEM IN THE  
SPRING, OF  
COURSE!!



WHAT ARE  
YOU WORRYIN'  
ABOUT?

OH, THE  
TEACHER TOLD  
ME I MUST  
WRITE BETTER,  
AND IF I DO, SHE'LL  
FIND OUT THAT I  
CAN'T SPELL!



WHAT'S SO GOOD  
ABOUT KEEPING  
YOUR CHIN UP?

WELL, IT KEEPS  
YOUR MOUTH  
SHUT!





# Our Lady of Bombay



W. J.